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No 9

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Filthy Thoughts

I won't bore you with the reasons why this issue has taken so long to emerge. I'm sure that most of you are quite used to interminable delays between FILTH's anyway. This edition sees the zine beginning to move into areas that are beyond those previously covered, & hopefully, it's a trend that will continue in future issues.

I'm not keen on turning the editorial into another 'zine plugging session, but nevertheless, there are a couple of newly arrived organs worth mentioning. **NUEMA X.** is devoted to the films of everybody's favourite, Traci Lords (£1/£1.20 Europe/£1.50 everywhere else from 118 High Street, Eastleigh, Hampshire SO5 5LR, England), & **BOOK OF THE DEAD** is Simon Smith's long awaited reference guide & credit listing for zombie films (Spanish Issue is 60p plus p&p - Simon Smith, 16 Wavelsfield Road, Balby, Doncaster, Sth Yorkshire, DN4 0UR, England). Both are worthy of your attention. Other zines will, I'm afraid, have to wait until next time.

I'm not going to cover the assorted film festivals that have taken place since the last issue other than to say that **BLACK SUNDAY** has improved immeasurably & **SHOCK AROUND THE CLOCK**, in it's new venue, was better than ever. Tickets for **SHOCK** were reportedly changing hands for up to £200, so be sure to book early next time for the most essential event of the summer.

Those of you awaiting the promised **SHREK FILTH** film screenings came close earlier this year with the announcement of **RAVE FROM THE GRAVE**, a 12 hour extravaganza of bizarre cinema, including Ross Von Fraunheim's **CITY OF LOST SOULS**, Russ Meyer's **UP!**, & a host of other celluloid nightmares. Organizational problems meant that we had to cancel the event, unfortunately, but once another rather pressing project has been sorted out, we'll be re-scheduling it. Those who wrote for details before will be informed where & when, & anyone else interested should send along an SAE.

No date for next issue. Keep watching the skies & praying for peace....

[illegible]

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SPIRIT CHASING: a talk with Ari Roussimoff

An imposing figure, Ari Roussimoff might have just walked off the set of **GHOSTS OF THE CIVIL DEAD**. An artist in everything he does & everything he is, he can still come across as naturally unpretentious & down to earth. Ari seems to prove that life doesn't imitate art, life is an art in itself. Roussimoff has been living with his art since the age of three & at the age of eleven, his work was in exhibition at the Koltinoff gallery. He was born of Russian parentage in Germany in 1954, & studied painting & sculpture in Switzerland, where the family had relocated.

His art is Daliesque, but darker with a seemingly tangible humour. His blatant signature appears to be a self portrait included in all the Roussimoff work I've seen to date - admittedly little. The work has been exhibited over the years at such notable venues as the Metropolitan Museum, Bucharest Museum, Huntington Hartford Museum, Arca Galleries, Victoria Museum, M.L. Gallery of Fine Arts, Galerie Ehmer & the Tokyo Museum.

Beyond the fine art brush, Ari has taken art to stage sets & costume design, in addition to stints on TV - particularly a series in which he played host: **ROUSSIMOFF'S ART SHOWCASE**. He's lectured on art & is mentioned in several "Who's Who" books.

According to a previous exhibition programme, Ari "firmly believes in making a connection with one's soul & the subconscious. His desire is to go beyond the rendering of an object journalistically or intellectually. It is through inner human spirit, through instinct that a painting is born". Now the artist has turned to film, an exciting new medium for Ari, as the art in production is not the result of one "inner human spirit", but many...including Warhol superstar Taylor Mead, sleaze film giant Joe Spinell, documentary troubleshooter Emile de Antonio, Ken Anger collaborator Bruce Byron, horror starlet Brinke Stevens (who is trying to throw off the Ackerman & horror pop for more experimental filmic fears like **DARK ROMANCES**), the unpredictable bar astounding Nick Zedd, porn star Annie Sprinkle, performance artist Joe Coleman, Jack Smith, video artist Clayton Patterson, & serving as executive producer, John Fergione, the New York born painter & sculptor.

In June, Ari presented a one man show in Ft Lauderdale, during which there was planned a screening of **SHADOWS IN THE CITY**, his first movie. Running 105 minutes & filmed in black & white, it tells a dark tale. Ari tells us, "this movie deals with a guy on a death trip, & what's strange is that 6 persons associated with the production have died - Jack Smith, Emile de Antonio, art critic & surrealist Peter Fingesten, journalist Lou Pellegrine, Joe Spinell, & - the weekend we shot the suicide scene (in a small apartment), a real life suicide took place next door."

We'd like to thank Ari for partaking in the following interview & for the terrific assistance given beyond this.



SF: Over what period was SHADOWS IN THE CITY shot?

AR: Most of the film was shot between September 1988 & November 1989. However, footage was already shot in 1985, soon after the project was conceived. Curiously, the original star was Joe Spinell, at that time Joe & I scouted locations in Coney Island. We shot the prologue there. As Joe's scenes were to be filmed this last year, we were shocked, although not too surprised at his death. It was sad, he was only 52. We replaced Joe with Craig Smith. This movie has been a long journey.

SF: So many incredible names were gathered together for this film. Is there a regular place of assembly for underground talent?

AR: People knew people, it's a small world - that sort of thing. Clayton Patterson, the video artist of Thompsons Square notoriety knew some of the cast, such as Taylor Mead, Joe Coleman & Emile de Antonio. We all knew each other over the years from many places. The bikers came to us as independents & club members partially through Roy Sundance, & I've been personally involved with bikers for years. As I wrote the film, it came about piece by piece, so it was with the cast. And yes, there is a regular group of underground talent, Nick Zedd is very involved with the scene.

SF: Do you object to any terms in particular that are placed on your work, be it "underground", "experimental" or "avant garde"?

AR: SHADOWS IN THE CITY is definitely an alternative movie. Inspired to a degree by the creativity of the underground. I would rather stay clear of any labels. It's hard to classify art, in the end it's either good or bad, either you like it or you don't. All the genres & sub-genres are secondary. I guess we've an offbeat horror film if I've got to find a description.



SF: In going shopping for your cast, what (who) from the underground superstore was unavailable (out of stock even)?

AR: Everything fell into place naturally. the only person we thought we'd never be able to get was Jack Smith. In the beginning he was positive, then became negative, so he read the synopsis, liked it, became quite positive again, but he was by far the most difficult to deal with. I guess genius may make one difficult. Until we shot those scenes, I was unsure if Jack would actually do it. I was in contact with Jack after the shooting. We would talk about movies & style, art & so forth, he was looking forward to the screening of SHADOWS IN THE CITY. In spite of AIDS, I never expected Jack Smith to die. He stood powerful & tall on the day he did his scenes.

SF: Was Brinke Stevens part of the shopping list?

AR: Brinke Stevens was recommended by the producer, Jim Grib.

SF: As we know, Jack Smith & Emile de Antonio almost weren't part of the cast.

AR: I thought "de" was really great, he cared about artists, about people. I'm not really political, & I would probably not be too inclined towards "de" politics, but he was a great beneficial human being & artist, which cannot be denied.

SP: What are your aims with **SHADOWS IN THE CITY**? What has the film primarily to do for you, art & film? And what does it say?

AR: **SHADOWS IN THE CITY** is basically a portrait of a human soul. There are many lonely, neglected people around, especially in a city like New York. Hopefully, this movie can give some insight into the disposition of these souls that are practically non-existent to society at large.

As for me, this movie is an extension of my painting; I would like to continue working in film & I want as many people as possible to view this movie, regardless if they love it or hate it, as long as some emotion is communicated

SP: There is a suggestion of humour in your artwork on the flyer for the film not found in the supplied synopsis...

AR: The movie definitely is imbued with a black humour. I couldn't see doing it any other way. I guess you couldn't get that from the synopsis, but it's in the movie nevertheless. I mean, we're not like Benny Hill, but there are some chuckles to be found (I hope). Like in life!

SP: Do you believe that your film captures your usual "mystical expressionist" style?

AR: I believe a movie, like a painting, can convey a story, a narrative, but in a non-conventional manner, devoid of naturalism or methodism. In other words, we could tell a tale ala Picasso or DeChirico, in opposition to Rossetti or Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema. There are many various, yet valid approaches. As with painting, so with film. In that sense, **SHADOWS IN THE CITY** is mystically expressionistic. Dealing with the soul & man's connections to & from God makes it mystical, & the use of horror imagery relates it most definitely to expressionism.

SP: Your artwork has been shown in 75 exhibits. Where in Europe & any in the UK?

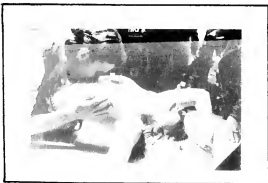
AR: I've shown a lot in Germany & Switzerland, in Munich: Galerie Chemnitzer, Fisher, etc. I've not yet shown in England, but would very much like to. Also, I would like to show the movie over there. What we've always heard is that Great Britain has a very severe censorship code? I gave a talk in London on my work years back, in the seventies.

SP: Where did you film your region somewhere between Heaven & Hell?

AR: The movie was entirely shot in Manhattan, Brooklyn & Queens.

SP: **SHADOWS IN THE CITY** isn't **COMBAT SHOCK: THE SPECIAL EDITION** is it?

AR: No it's not. I just recently viewed this movie on video. We both have a suicide theme, & I guess we both deal with serious human issues, but stylistically is



where we differ. Curiously, Jim Grib worked on that particular film as - the - lighting director.

SF: Is SHADOWS IN THE CITY high art or nonsense? Be honest with me.

AR: Is SHADOWS IN THE CITY art or nonsense? Who knows, who cares. All I can say is that I had a great time doing it, had great people to work with, & we're now getting together a second film which will be perhaps a bit more conventional, horror oriented & colour. But it won't be a conveyor belt product either. It'll be different.

SF: What is to be done with SHADOWS... it is seemed a theatrical release is preferred.

AR: We hope to release it theatrically first.

SF: Who the hell is Kembra Pfahler?

AR: Kembra Pfahler, minor cultural icon, is a known film-maker, performance artist, actress, & heads her own band; called "Karen Black". She's terrific.

SF: Did any childrens television programmes scare you as a child, or even as an adult? This is a personal survey I'm building.

AR: I wish they had. When I first arrived in America, my favourite television personality was horror host Zacherley. I loved a good scare, horror movies, exploitation magazines, freaks & so on. Today nothing scares me anymore..well, maybe I'll take that back, I'm scared to death of just plain good old ordinary people. Nothing's more frightening, really.

SF: Could you fill us in as completely as possible on the score for SHADOWS IN THE CITY - all musical contributors.

AR: Mike Coss, a European composer, did a really great score, he's a big talent.

SF: And to close the interview - anything else we should be told?

AR: Clayton Patterson, the art director/actor also manufactures his custom art hats, known as Clayton Hats, & they're sold in London at Robot's on Kings Road. They're featured in two current TV commercials in the UK & he tells me that his Thompkins Square Police Riot video might air on Channel Four.

SF: Thank you.

AR: Well, onto the next film...



PALL HICSON

PRINTED WATER

THE GLAMOROUS BETTY PAGE - CULT MODEL 1950's:
Glittering Images, Italy 1989

Betty Page's legion of followers continues to grow steadily & it's hardly suprising; more & more people are finding it hard to ignore that alluring smile as it beckons to them from the front of books, magazines, badges & T-shirts. And here we have the ultimate photoguide, a vast tribute to the much-varied modelling career of the undisputed Queen of Glamour.

It's 128 9½"x12" pages are crammed with over 300 photographs, mostly in black & white (though almost thirty are in colour) &, as well as a few reprinted articles from 1950's glam-mags such as **BEAUTY PARADE** & **WHISPER**, it's divided into such delicious sections as 'Fetish Photos', 'Betty in Bondage', 'Betty - Dancer', 'Intimate Betty', etc. Thrown in for good measure, there's even a 7 page Frazetta comic strip story featuring our number one lady.

There's not a great deal of text anyway, but much of what there is proves unreadable for unintelligent types such as myself who aren't fluent in either French or Italian. But who cares? Photographically, this volume is a sheer delight. There's something to please every single one of her fans, from Betty clothed to Betty nude, & everything inbetween. In the nude section there's even a rather stunning open-crotch shot! Fair makes your mouth water...

Beg, steal or borrow, but any way you can GET IT!!

TIM GREAVES



TRIP CITY: Trevor Miller Aversus 1989

Here's an interesting one. Beautifully & carefully packaged & presented, this is the only novel I've ever seen that comes complete with it's own soundtrack (a 5 track tape by A Guy Called Gerald). The music is reasonably good Acid House, fitting in nicely with the novel itself, a post-warehouse party underground thriller.

Valentine is a former acid party organiser who returns to London from exile in the North (a slight blunder here...but I suppose that the 'Madchester' scene was still relatively unknown when Miller wrote this) & is offered the chance to start again, holding events in a rundown nightclub. The story follows his attempts to track down his old partners & avoid old enemies, as he moves through a bizarre world populated by the rich, the bored & the burnt out. Along the way, he discovers a new drug, FX, so elite you can't buy it; it's free to the 'right people'. It's also incredibly potent...

TRIP CITY is an admirable exercise in style over content. The story doesn't really go anywhere, but Miller's writing is detailed, well thought out & fast-paced, giving the impression that the novel is more substantial than it actually is. He makes the right references, & conjures up a potent vision of decadence & alienation. What's more, he doesn't hold back in his descriptions of Valentine's (rather squalid) sexual encounters, the violence that surrounds him, or the trips he takes. In fact, it's here that Miller excels...it's not

easy to capture the essence of drug-inspired hallucinations in writing, but Miller does it superbly. Whether or not the acid house scene has the longevity required to produce a genuine counter-culture beyond music, fashion & warehouse all-nighters remains to be seen...however, this first entry bodes well for such a future, & is recommended.

DAVID FLINT

**THE ANGEL OF DEATH IN THE ADONIS LOUNGE -
POEMS BY MARC ALMOND: Gay Mens Press 1988**

God! Not another cult popstar gone all pretentious, you may well say. Well, this book is pretentious, especially the introduction; but if you cut out the pretence, what you're left with is a book of poems which tell us about the less public face of little Marc. A "real" poet would probably be unimpressed, but to those of us who like to read about all that which is taboo, this book's a gem! But how can a singer who warbles love songs with hasbeen sixties stars come up with a book like this? Well, Marc has also worked closely with Nick Cave, Psychic TV, Lydia Lunch & Mr Jim Festus. Enough said! Although published by the Gay Mens Press (probably the only people who'd come near it with a 20 foot dildo), most of the poems are pretty ambiguous...but there is a poem dedicated to the great porn star Kip Noll, & images of "wrist thick dicks" do pop up every now & again. Other poems deal with New Yorks heavy bondage bars - "Magda-Sade" tells us about the queue of young men at the Hellfire Club, getting perfect head from some whore every time.

With other titles like "Love Among The Ruined", "The Hustler" & "King Fingers" (which deals with a fruitless anal search), you know you can't go wrong.

JACK SIN

ZINES: And still they come. The worst first...NEROS is quite breathtakingly bad. Appearing to be thrown together in a couple of spare minutes, it contains 'reviews' by infamous illiterate Graham Rae, which are incoherent even by his standards. Layout is so sloppy that you often don't know what's being reviewed, or where the piece starts. The zine shows an admirable fascination with Dennis Hopper, but otherwise...Tony Cotterill is responsible, & can be caught at 57 Chedworth, Kingsbury Park, Yate, Bristol, BS17 4RY. No price immediately visible. **HEADCHEESE & CHAINSAWS** is somewhat better. No.3 has assorted reviews, an overview of the 80's, & a rather pointless Marvel Comics feature. It's all horror, so of little interest content-wise, but is passable entertainment of it's type. 60p from 33 Ernwill Avenue, Castletown, Sunderland, SR5 3EB. For more general exploitation based publications, we once again have to look across the pond. 3 excellent zines are available from Tim Paxton's **KRONOS Publications**. **VIDEO VOICE** is a semi-pro (in appearance) effort, with features on neat cartoons, obscure fantasy films, Kung Fu flicks & very entertaining interviews with other 'zine editors. Price is \$3. **NAKED! SCREAMING! TERROR!** is a smaller volume covering any celluloid debris left by VV. This one's \$2. And **MONSTER** is a friendly one sheet survey of - wait for it - monster movies. Just 40c. Get 'em all from KRONOS Pubs, MPO Box 67, Oberlin, Ohio 44074, USA (checks, M.O's etc payable to Timothy Paxton). From the highly literate, we move to the highly suspect, & **DUMB BITCH DESERVES TO DIE**. Out on a limb, the squalid rag reviews non-existent films, reprints articles & letters from other zines, & gushes (probably literally) over Linnea Quigley - or, at least, her physical attributes. Downright unsavoury, you can get it from 3911 St Hubert, Montreal, Que. H2L 4A5, Canada, for a price unspecified.



Steve Puchalski's absence from publishing ends with **SHOCK CINEMA**. This has all the elements that made **SLIMETIME** so essential, & has expanded to take in books, records, etc. \$2 (\$4 outside US) to 1108 East Genesee St #103, Syracuse, NY 13210, USA. Write today! **FATAL VISIONS** has moved up-market in design, but thankfully retained - or even increased - it's aleaze content. Issue 8 has an article on The Cramps, porn star interviews, & a glut of fascinating reviews, features, etc...every page is a winner. One of the best around, & available for \$3.50 (Australian) from PO Box 133, Northcote 3070, Vic., Australia. If you have an insatiable need for more zines than I can manage to review, or simply want to read about the multitude of small press publications covering just about every subject in the world, check out **FACTSHEET FIVE**, an essential guide to zines, books, comics, records & video...\$3.75 (\$7 outside US) to Mike Gunderloy, 6 Arizona Ave, Rensselaer, NY 12144-4502, USA. Another zine-review zine, on a considerably smaller scale, is **OBSCURE PUBLICATIONS & VIDEO**. This one also profiles editors/publishers. \$6 gets you 12 issues. Unless obviously otherwise, assume that these prices do not include postage, & don't forget to mention where you heard about them when writing.

DAVID FLINT

BODY BAG: Henry Rollins Creation Press 1989

Henry, ex-frontman of Black Flag (perhaps the most important band to come out of punk), leader of his own fine Rollins Band, & skilled author/poet, has been renowned for his writing & spoken word performances for some time now. This, a basically produced anthology of his best work, appeared late last year to some critical acclaim - though not, of course, from proper literary critics (oh no, far too lowly).

Rollins writes like Charles Bukowski, his friend Hubert Selby Jr. (of **LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN** infamy), Nietzsche (his greatest influence), & perhaps, Beckett. Where he might appeal to most of you uncultured 'Filthies is in his very, very morbid sense of 'humour' & the way he uses extreme, shocking situations in order to make you think (perhaps in a similar manner to the methods of **Psychic TV**). After all, any passage that opens with "**HE WAS EVERYTHING YOU COULD EVER WANT IN A CHILD KILLER**" - all in heavy block capitals - is unlikely to ever win friends in the Times Literary Supplement.

This is a fine book, not trash that deserves to be patronised. Highly recommended, even with the alighty extortionate price.

NOAH BROWN

DEERMAN HAS THE ANTLERS TO YOUR HORMY QUESTIONS: TS Press 1989

The title alone pretty well gives the game away regarding the content of this particular book. A mildly smutty pastiche of those hideously sanctimonious 'advice columnists', 'Deer Man Antlers' offers manly guidance for those in need, composes smutty limericks, fends off enthusiastic homosexuals & solicits 8 x 10 glossies & phone numbers from cute girlies in need of personal attention, all the time preaching the gospel of 'genteel sex'.

This is a suprisingly amusing spoof, which on the whole succeeds in its self-confessed goal of filling the gap between (as the introduction states) "the (truly) tasteless joke books, and the ubiquitous intelligence insulting hard core pornography" currently offered to those in search of erotic humour. It's not necessarily the kind of book that you'll read from cover to cover in one sitting, the joke tending to wear a little thin after 220 pages, but works splendidly when dipped into in small doses.

DEERMAN... doesn't quite reach the levels of side-splitting hilarity or general grubbiness found in the (equally fictitious) problem pages of the **SUNDAY SPORT**, but nevertheless remains an entertaining & worthwhile find. And remember, whoever he really is, 'Deer Man cares'.

DAVID FLINT



DIRGE

STRANGE, IDIOSYNCRATIC, ELECTRONIC, DISTURBING & PERSONAL - all of these give some idea of the music of Jouisance. After hearing a track on some god-awful New Beat sampler, I was determined to find out some more about the man behind the music. Why did he fill his tracks with sporadic & unsettling sounds...broadcasts from Iran & other more unspeakable & unsavoury items? The man behind the music was as elusive, wayward & seedily enigmatic as the sounds he makes. Unlike most bands around today the sound & style of Jouisance isn't obvious or easy to assimilate. It's no cheap badge to flaunt or plaster on the back of your leather jacket or leave lying casually beside your Johnny Thunders LPs...it'll get you no points in street cred...in fact just the opposite. Those are the reasons for bobbing beneath the surface of the man & his music. What follows is a short interview with the elusive musician - perhaps it will wet your appetite to sample some of his tantalising & offbeat aural soundscapes...

SF: Your music focuses on things like violence, sex & murder - are these your main obsessions?

J: Yes (laughs..) among others. I guess I'm just interested in the extremities of human behaviour.

SF: I heard that but for a twist of fate you could have been part of Bronski Beat..is this true?

J: No, I knew a few people from that scene, but I didn't have the same proclivities as them.

SF: What type of music do you listen to for enjoyment & inspiration?

J: Brian Wilson, Beach Boys & Syd Barrett. It's a long way from the type of music I play....it's real music. What I do isn't real music. It approaches things from a different angle. Brian Wilson plays spiritual music, it has a different effect on people...my own music is more cerebral, more calculated if you like.

SF: Do you think it's more amateur - more something done for love?

J: Yes, well I hope there's some craft involved. There's more mental work involved in electronic music. Ultimately I'm just trying to create an atmosphere or a picture in sound.

SF: Most music is either one thing or another, yet your music is both easy listening & unsettling. Is this a deliberate terrorist strategy?

J: My most recent pieces are more melodic, more textured, more rhythmic & overlaid with disembodied voices, the sounds of people in distress. I suppose I'm interested in pulling people both ways...in beautiful music & ugly music, & I'd be successful if I could combine the two.

SF: Do you think your preoccupations with sleaze, sordid sex & murder are healthy?

J: I think they are healthy; what most people consider as being ugly I think are part of life. It's not blocking out things, it's facing the world head on. Staring into the face of ugliness has always been..how can I describe it...it gives you a sense of perspective.

SF: Do you think most people regard you as normal?

J: I think most people don't really know what to make of me, I just generally present some sort of image to them that they can accommodate. But really they don't know what's going on in my mind, the same as I don't know what's going on in theirs...but in my mind there's an appalling, squid, putrescent swamp festering away....inside.

SF: (sees a copy of the Essential Subhuman lying around!) Have you cut out your Myra Hindley doll yet?

J: (laughs) No but I like that piece of artwork...

SF: How do you feel about filmmakers like John Waters?

J: Actually I don't like his films.. he's too much of a brown nosed bot man...I don't like things that are camp or kitsch, I'm really more of a serious person. I'd rather watch something serious like **FACES OF DEATH**!

TALK

than see Divine teetering around on her high shoes eating shit. I find it quite boring after a while.

SF: What about Traci Lords???

J: Would that I could (laughs) but I'm not a very good performer, I'm a 3 minute man, I don't think I'd impress her.

SF: The Russ Meyer School of Puckology...!

J: I don't think I could take on any of those porn video stars, they're really only for the privacy of your front room. I'm just a wanker...Traci's just an image available to everyone on tape.

SF: Do you like looking at photographs of accidents & murder?

J: Not really anymore...I'm not interested in shocking anyone. I got rid of my pathology books. My main interest is history. There's a lot of material available that is sick but I don't have a secret wank over the stuff.

SF: You mean you do it in public?

J: (laughs)...very witty...I find images of torture, death & fatalities as disturbing as the next man. It's just something that I want to address, because it's there.

SF: Do you like grungy music?

J: Not really, not any more...that's why I'm trying to put more structure, texture into my music. The era of grungy music is passed, we're looking for new frontiers really.

SF: So when's your next tape coming out...?

J: Maybe in the next month or two, there might be a CD coming out, but people can get tapes directly from me if they're interested.

SF: Do you think your music will change the way people feel about things?

J: I'd hope so..but so many things, artforms are limited by their enclave. It's important to reach new people if you can stimulate them.....

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LOWER BODILY FUNCTIONS AT THE CORNERHOUSE by David Kerekes

The Cornerhouse is a cinema on a corner in Manchester, its "Art in The Bar", "Media Events" & other asides to the actual showing of films, more than enough for all but the most ardent of art students. Had the Cornerhouse bitten off more than it could chew with the screening of the touring programme 'The Body in Extremis'? After all, it's easy to be cool to TAXI DRIVER & ERASERHEAD, but how can a haircut & overcoat prepare us for 'The Lower Bodily Functions'. I dreaded to think.

Sometimes in The Cornerhouse, I feel guilty for sexist exchanges on the screen. Sometimes I half expect members of the audience to leap out at the next celluloid racist threat or sexist insult & club the projectionist.

into the screening, because otherwise I may have missed "the power of blood & it's a connection to violence & sexuality" that UPSTAIRS INSIDE purportedly reveals.

Next up with barely a pause to have a laugh was THE OSSUARY. A very important piece of art if ever I saw one. A document of the "curious Sedlec church decorated by thousands of human skulls & bones from the Hussite war & the Great Plague". With its jazz score, relentless use of high-speed editing & shaky camerawork throughout, I found it difficult not wanting THE OSSUARY to finish immediately.

Was it K next or REEL III 16/67? (Those titles! They roll from the tongue like silk!)

K is made by a woman & shows a naked



I was here, one mediocre night in March, to sit through part 3 of 'The Body in Extremis: Death & The Lower Bodily Functions'. I put down my money & went in. Before the programme started a verbal warning was issued: the last feature of the evening was a half hour film of an autopsy. Those wishing to leave could do so now for a full refund. No one left. William Castle would have been proud. I sat through some drivel that night.

The programme opened with UPSTAIRS INSIDE - the almost obligatory Black & White short shot in the style of early David Lynch - a film representing "a woman's private obsession with the taboo of menstruation". I'm glad I picked up an explanatory booklet on the way

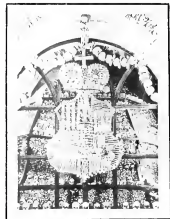
woman throwing up her whole intestinal tract & more! Then she knits her insides together & wears it outside. Obviously representational of a woman throwing up & making a pullover. Had Lucio Fulci released this on video it would be cut.

REEL III 16/67, it says in the accompanying booklet, is a "creative documentation of some of the 'happenings' of the Destruction in Art performances of Otto Muhl & Gunter Brus where the use of the body's so-called lower functions are central to the idea of forcing the boundaries of art". REEL III 16/67's nickname outside of arthouses is "The Eating, Drinking, Pissing & Shitting Film", a by-far more accurate account of the film than the notes quoted above. After all, just how much can a

turd falling towards the camera (& onto the audience - imagine that in 3D) say? This film reveals that to drink is to piss & to eat is to shit. Over & over & over again, with some great shots of masticating, urination, baggy Y-fronts, & an anus. This film was applauded by the rapturous silence of the Cornerhouse audience. I hope it was dumb-struck & not chewing over the film's artistic avenues.

Now how do you follow that? I was scared to turn around in case I missed something, maybe the countdown for the next reel for instance. I sat rooted to my seat waiting for the autopsy & everyone to leave.

Next: **DIMENSIONS OF DIALOGUE** is an animated short by the guy who made **THE OSSUARY**. Two clay heads hurl objects at one another; at first they're complimentary - one will offer toothpaste to the other's brush, or laces to the other's shoe,



etc - but pretty soon the heads are hurling abuse in the form of toothpaste on the other's shoe, laces to the other's toothbrush. You get the picture. While **DIMENSIONS OF DIALOGUE** is a nice film, I find it a rather tenuous link to the 'Death/Lower Bodily Functions' programme.

Finally, the one that had them fainting in Liverpool, **THE ACT OF**

SEEKING WITH ONE'S OWN EYES. Worth the admission fee alone **THE ACT OF...** is death without the explanatory notes. Shot entirely in an autopsy room, the camera weaves around the slabs, the bodies, the scalpels, the guy who washes the floor, all without the interference of sound or comment. For a third of its 35 minutes running time, the film ponders on the pathologists as they prepare themselves & the cadavers. The anticipation of dismemberment is a painful thing, & it's a relief when the first cut is actually made. Once you have seen the first slice of flesh, the first face pulled back from its skull, the first sight of innards being removed, you have literally seen it all. What follows is a picturesque trek of colours; carcasses like mountains loom in front of the camera. For 35 minutes this programme & the Cornerhouse was truly dead...except, that is, for the patter of the feet of those that made their way to the exit.

UPSTAIRS INSIDE (Can 1984) Kathleen Maitland-Carter 10 mins

THE OSSUARY (Czech 1970) Jan Svankmajer 10 mins

K (UK 1989) Jayne Parker 12 mins

REEL III 16/67 (Aus 1967) Kurt Kren 10 mins

DIMENSIONS OF DIALOGUE (Czech 1982) Jan Svankmajer 15 mins

THE ACT WITH SEEKING WITH ONE'S OWN EYES (USA 1971) Stan Brakhage 35 mins



ROBERT CRUMB: SEX, DEATH, AND BIG THIGHS IN THE COMIC STRIP

To anyone with an interest & belief in the comic book, 1968 was a very significant year. A time of avowed social change & artistic revolution, this was also the year when Zap Comix was first released onto an unsuspecting world. The first underground comic to receive wide attention, it featured the talents of artists as diverse & extreme as S. Clay Wilson, Rick Griffin (more renowned for his Grateful Dead cover artwork), Robert Williams (also more famous as a painter - see Guns 'N' Roses LP cover), Spain Rodriguez, & the Freak Brothers creator Gilbert Shelton...but most importantly, perhaps, it unleashed the warped visions of Robert Crumb.

A cartoonist since childhood, Crumb's work had appeared in fanzines & on greetings cards, but nothing foretold what an impact he was set to make, & popular culture still reels today. Crumb's work combined explicit sex, grotesque violence, anti-social humour, leftist sympathies & a strong sense of disaffection. The fact that he cranked this into the traditional 'wacky-cartoon' format added a sense of irony & deep shock in the reader brought up on Donald Duck & Popeye. Suddenly, U.G. comix were it. Publications appeared from all over the US (& later the UK & Europe), & Crumb took to travelling through the States nomad-style, leaving amazing spontaneous comic work at underground publishers & newspapers at every stop. Imagine a cross between Chairman Mao, Sam Beckett & Walt Disney, & you have a rough idea about why he caused such an impact.

Having tackled race relations, capitalism & every social problem imaginable in his inimitable style, Crumb temporarily hit the big time. "Keep On Truckin'" T-shirts, posters, mugs, etc can still be found today (as can the far superior "Stoned Again" shirts). Crumb became disillusioned & depressed by all the big business backstabbing & fucking, & whilst making a good royalty, stuck to the small-time from then on, for which we should all be grateful. His guilt & spite towards the whole seedy business was expressed in THE R. CRUMB SUCKLESS STORY (THE PEOPLE'S COMICS, 1972), in which America is taken over by Red China (& Crumb ends up fucking one of the "Women's detachment of American Rebelation Army"!).

A film of one of Crumb's most famous characters, Fritz The Cat, was made by animator Ralph Bakshi, entitled THE NINE LIVES OF FRITZ THE CAT. Unfortunately, Bakshi missed the point entirely. Crumb, sickened by the whole affair, had Fritz killed off by a hippy ostrich with an icepick, in a particularly moving scenario!

Since the early Seventies, Crumb's work has proportionally improved & matured, allowing him to tackle the same problems, but in a less paranoid, more disaffected way. He was involved in Art Spiegelman's & Bill Griffith's ARCADE THE COMICS REVUE magazine during the middle of the decade, in which



some of his finest material appeared.

Nowadays, he still features in his cartoonist wife's WEIRDO magazine, & the odd issue of Zap emerges occasionally. Crumb started WEIRDO in 1980 to showcase the work of both new generations & older orders of alternative-cartoonists alike, & he continues to inspire its rawest recruits, myself included.

If anyone insists on telling you comics are for kids, then show them Crumb crawling out of his mothers cunt! The saturating nihilism of IT'S REALLY TOO BAD (Einstein: "He seems to be smart enough to invent ways of destroying the planet but still can't figure out how to get along with his wife!")! Mr Snoid being blown & coming all over an artist's canvas ("I gotta resolve this aesthetic dilemma...confront this white surface...")! More! More! More! Without Crumb,

it's doubtful we'd have ever had WATCHMEN, JUDGE DREDD or CRISIS, or even Cheech & Chong & SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE. Here's to him.

NOAH BROWN



JAPANIMATION

artwork & review: L'Autopsie
Graphique



うろつき童子

One of the most controversial films Japan has unleashed in recent years. At its infrequent screenings, audiences are either deeply offended or gawp in awe. A certain scene 5 or 10 minutes into the film instantly divides viewers. A cute schoolgirl is subjected to some internal investigation by the multiple tendrils of an oversexed demon from hell with no scruples about which particular orifices to (ab)use; a seemingly endless shot from a variety of angles including explicit close up. What's worse - the poor little girl actually appears to be in ecstasy. **LOLITA** meets **THE EVIL DEAD**? I should point out here, the film is only a cartoon. **ONLY A CARTOON!** The Japanese have animation down to a fine art. It's a serious shit. With the development of sophisticated plots, adult themes & powerful visuals, it's no longer just a Saturday morning kiddie diversion. Dozens of new animated features (known as 'anime') are being produced every month, released on video &/or laser disc & ranging in length from 30 to 120 minutes. And what with the Japanese predilection for ultra-violence & strange perversions, it's little wonder that some startling stuff is appearing that would get rejected at proposal stage anywhere else in the world. Indeed, the very idea of an animated feature film is enough to induce sharp intakes of breath from financial backers, etc. Many animes are based on comix (Manga) - the outstanding **AKIRA** has been transformed into an equally successful film that should eventually reach our shores & hopefully attract mainstream interest. This is the tip of the iceberg. Many other titles familiar to English readers also have their counterpoint animes - **APPLESEED**, **CRYING FREEMAN**, **DOMINION**, **OUTLANDERS**, **DIRTY PAIR** (very popular)...the list goes on. **WARRIORS OF THE WIND**, based on the comic **NAUSICAA** may even be available at your local video store - look in the kids section. Other Japanimation may also be found (offering a convenient cheap introduction to anime) - **CRUSHERS**, **ONCE UPON A TIME**, **ROBOTECH**, **WORLD OF THE TALISMAN**...but be warned, many have been cut(!) or completely bastardised by the Yanks. What's okay for Nippon nippers is not acceptable for our little brats. The popularity of translated Manga has helped sow the seeds of an anime video trading network. America already has a well established black

market, but we are at a distinct disadvantage here in PALLAND, with virtually all material on NTSC format (& it should be noted, still in Japanese, but as the fascination is mainly visual, that shouldn't deter you). Popular titles include **Z CUNDAM**, **PATLABOR** (Mecha; giant robots - **ROBOT JOX** swiped all its ideas from this genre), **ICZER ONE**, **CREAM LEMON**, **BUBBLEGUM CRISIS**, **PROJECT A-KO**, **ORCUS** & for horror fans **VAMPIRE HUNTER D**, **SUPERNATURAL BEAST CITY**, **HARMAGEDDON CEMNA TAISEN**, **HELL CITY SEINJUKU** and... **UROTSUKIDOJI** (alternatively known as **THE WANDERING KID**). Perhaps the most sought after & discussed anime besides **AKIRA**. In Japan it has won numerous awards & spawned two sequels. There now exists an English language edition entitled **LEGEND OF THE OVERFIND** - some of the more gratuitous excesses have been deleted, one presumes in an attempt to make it a more viable proposition to distributors. But mixing sex with horror practically guarantees suppression, & even though it's only animation, the further taboo of underage girls is obviously a cause for concern (NB - there is no age of consent in Japan). Come on then, what's it all about? I'm partially relying here on a promotional flyer, as the film is in Japanese, & events pile on top of each other at breakneck speed. There are still things (better) left unexplained & intriguing which allow repeated fresh viewings of the film. so... There exists three parallel worlds; those belonging to the demons, manbeasts & humans. Every 3000 years Chojin, an unidentified malevolent entity, is unleashed bent on chaos & the eventual destruction of borders between worlds. After a brief prologue of copulating demons, we're taken to the gymnasium of a typical school in Yokohama. Whilst Ozaki, the school beefcake, is attracting the adoration of the female contingent of the rest of the school in a basketball match, our hero, Nagumo, is peeking into the girls' changing rooms - ho hum. One hand furiously working in his pants as the object of his desires, the pretty ponytailed Akemi, slips off her knickers. Narrowly avoiding being discovered, he flees out into the gym, only to be humiliated in front of the whole school by Ozaki drawing attention to the bulge in his trousers.

A wonderfully lighthearted start that barely prepares you for the next scene as Akemi is led away by a female tutor to be sexually molested. Graphic sex turns into graphic horror as the tutor is overtaken by a demon. A thick slimy tentacle explodes from her/its throat, resembling a huge elongated phallus with an eye in the end! No prizes for guessing its goal. Numerous other smaller worm-like tendrils erupt from the demon to further violate & bind the girl, pausing only to spit out globules of phosphorescent sperm. Truly bizarre & shocking. Akemi, however, survives the ordeal, & befriends Nagumo. The next demon venture into the human world to seek Chojin occurs via Ozaki's manhood (!) as he is 'entertaining' three girls in his apartment. After much gore & smoggy transformations, the demon is finally defeated by Amano - a kid with supernatural powers (the 'Wandering Kid' of the title?). Amano's mini-skirted girlfriend (an excuse for more crotch shots) suspects Nagumo may be Chojin & surprises him as he is making out with Akemi in some bushes. Shocked, he runs into the path of a car. He's taken to hospital, badly battered & seemingly unconscious. One fatally severe fucking of a young nurse later proves that Amano's girlfriend's suspicion may have been correct. Too late now. Nagumo/Chojin's body grows at an alarming rate, sprouting a

dozen penises of proportions even beyond the imagination of the Marquis de Sade.

In a spectacular climax (oh dear!), Chojin (?) is left standing triumphant over heaps of dead bodies & destruction. Thus ends Part one.

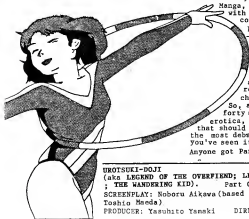
Once you've got over the initial overwhelming & uncompromising visual assault, you start to think about the underlying themes of the film. The relationship & inextricable links between sex, violence & anxieties. Scenes of graphic sex always precede (foretell?) scenes of graphic horror, perhaps symbolising subconscious fears. All events are left unexplained by the director, & therefore open to interpretation. For those wishing to analyse, the film can be as intellectually stimulating as it is sexually stimulating.

The quality of animation throughout is incomparable to what you'd usually expect from cell animation. This is much closer to HELLBOUND than SCOOBY DOO, utilising strobes & many other state of the art techniques & special effects; Walt Disney & other factory line US production studios have been left years behind. Events are depicted realistically, & often taken to an exaggerated extreme for maximum effect. Hence, a lopped off head doesn't just drop off a la TOM & JERRY, but gushes torrents of arterial blood in all directions. And although characters are drawn in the identifiably idiosyncratic style of

Manga, they are fully equipped with 'lifelike' anatomically correct bodily bits (except pubic hair - still a no-no). The painfully cute rendering of females with infeasibly huge eyes & small mouths/noses only adds to the subversiveness to Western viewers, who associate such representations with children's books, etc.

So, an unreservedly recommended forty minute megamix of diabolic erotica, perversion, gore & humour that should not fail to delight even the most debauched among you who think you've seen it all before.

Anyone got Parts 2 & 3?



UROTSUKI-DOJI

(aka LEGEND OF THE OVERFIRND; LEGEND OF THE GOD OF THE GODS
& THE WANDERING KID). Part One 1988 40 mins

SCREENPLAY: Noboru Aikawa (based on a comic written by
Toshio Maeda)

PRODUCER: Yasuhito Yamaki DIRECTOR: Hideki Takayama



Hi Dave,

It's been a long time since I last dropped you a line & I'm beginning to feel a little guilty. I've had **SHOCK FILTH #8** on my desk for a month now so no excuses.

The latest SF rivals #5 as the best you've produced - I'm sure it's just a coincidence that both contain lengthy Dave Friedman articles. This latest interview is particularly interesting as it's covering a lot of new ground.

What a strange Dave Kerekes cover which gives all amateur psychologists much to work on. It doesn't take too much analysis, however, to deduce from the strip inside the front cover that Noah Brown is a real sicko.

There's the usual varied selection of obscurities in your Printed Matter pages which are hardly likely to crop up in my Library's book selection deliberations (worse luck!). I think there's a UK edition of Schechter's DEVILANT now available (correct - DP)

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&, as Dave Kerekes indicates, this pretty well blows the legend behind **PSYCHO** & **TEXAS C.M.** & shows that only that modest & under-rated film **DERANGED** got anywhere near the mundane truth. The Joyce McKinney book review brings back memories & served as a painful reminder about how quickly time passes. I wonder what happened to the Mormon missionary.

Although we have Thatcher who walks & talks as though she's got something jammed up her backside (a collection of cabinet members' tongues probably)

, we've unfortunately got no one to touch Cicciolina. Just reading the straight descriptions of her porno films is a strange experience - several sections made me wince, but the opportunity to actually watch one would be welcomed. Fat chance!

THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES is one of the big three XXX films along with DEEP THROAT 6 and BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR. Each film's leading lady is fascinating in her own way: Linda Lovelace because

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it's difficult to watch her without remembering that she claims she was forced into making the film (she's lying, if it makes you feel better - DF); Marilyn Chambers because of her clean-cut TV commercial background (well covered in SF#6); & most intriguingly, Georgina Spelvin simply because she is neither young nor particularly good looking. I found that this woman-next-door touch greatly added to the eroticism of the film, & to the general air of pathos, & for me made MISS JONES the most interesting of the three (I'd agree with that - DF).

So plenty as usual of interest & SF continues to maintain it's position at the masthead of UK sleaze & exploitation zines.

Glyn Williams,
Derby

These were random selections from a massive missive sent by Glyn. Thanks for your comments - I appreciate them. For a more mentally unbalanced view of SF, read on.... DF

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**LOVE IS A
SPLENDID
ILLUSION**

WILL TROMPER'S
PLAY-GIRL

Yo David Dude,

SHKRR FILTH sounds great. If I can't wank off to it; it ain't worth a shit.

I bet you cum loads. And loads. Masturbation is the most sincere form of worship there is. O holy prick of mine reach deep into David's throat; make him moan in ay ecstasy. Would I wallow in the moment of your orgasm. Rush, with pants down, & photograph your big dick for me & mail it to America where I will enshrine your image & ritual fuck before it.

Join us, David
Naked is as naked does
I'd suck you dry
But I'm miles away.

Swillmaster "G",
Anchorage

Er...quite. Time to move house & start operating from a PO box. I think.



Dear Dave,

At long last I managed to pick up a copy of SF No. 8. In the long time gap we've had for this issue, there have been some extremely wild rumours out on the street as to what actually happened to you. The usual stupid ones like you'd become a copper, priest & even a customs officer! Two though which I thought might have some truth in them:

1-you had gone to live in Holland, where you could produce a much stronger SF

2-you had got married & were more interested in producing a family than another issue of SF!

Glad neither was true & we have the latest issue, as fantastic as ever. A slight bit of colour on

the cover I see, could this be the first step to having a colour SF?

I hope so. Favourite piece was 'La Cicciolina Cinema' by Ian Kerkhof (I'm extremely proud of this chap). A trip to the Parisien cinema should be organised right away! Now that we're well into 1990 it's time to give out a few awards. Best film of 89 - a few in the running, **EDGE OF SANITY**, **LAIR OF THE WHITE WORM**, **SOCIETY & SCANDAL**. & the winner is **SCANDAL**, good British sleaze. Most sexy actress award goes to Amanda Donohoe. Think I would have just about given anything to play that boy scout in **LAIR**...& that completes my awards for 89. Was enjoying the David Friedman interview, until I read what he thought of H/C films today. "Video finally reduced it to pure shit". Really Friedman? Well I think you're talking shit. Over 1000 H/C features are made on video each year, & over here we hardly see any of them. Amongst that lot are bound to be some classics (can American SF readers write in & tell us about them?). Now here's a list of things I'd like to see in future issues of SF. More reviews of 8mm British filth! Damiano's other films covered, like **NIGHT HUNGER**, **CONSENTING ADULTS** etc, & Lasse Braun's **SENSATIONS** & **FRENCH BLUE** (aka **DEEP ASS**). What's he up to now? & how about an article on whips in films?

The Sleaze Kid

So there you have it. Better in the pages of **SHKRR FILTH** than on the streets, I guess. Are you sure you're not a Swillmaster, Kid?

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A New Series of Sex & Porn Films from SF

NOW SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SEX GOES POP!

GROUPIE GIRL

Starring **ESME JOHNS**

Starring **BILLY BOYLE • DONALD SUMPTER • RICHARD SHAW**

ARCHAOS: circus fantastic



What with all the revelations from the press of the depravities being flaunted beneath the canopy of a circus tent, myself & your editor decided to subject ourselves to this apparent 'Calvalcade of Perversions'.

No sooner had we recieved the tickets than the envelope containing them was taken by Ramon the pony-tailed rope man. Access was temporarily delayed as he claimed the envelope was empty & tore it in two. Once inside the tent, childhood circus memories were wiped out. The smell of camel shit, candy floss & the squeal of kiddies were replaced with petrol fumes, sweat & revving engines.

We take our seats, a nice central position well away from the front. We'd heard rumours of the forced audience participation.

The lights dim & the band plays from a high rise platform, figures run haphazardly across the ring & dissapear. A spotlight picks out two beautiful nymphettes who perform stunts on a trapeze. The audience ooh & aah. Next, a scarpyard version of the Kodo Drummers arrive kicking rusty oil drums down the aisles & beating out a thunderous tattoo. A pith-helmeted trick cyclist cavorts in the ring, jungle rythms drift from all directions. Ramon, naked bar a glittering G-string, swings ape-like from supporting beams & ropes. He attacks the audience. Dave anxiously points out that there is a space in the seats directly in front of him. Ramon sees it & squats there screeching like some indecorous chimpanzee & eyeing the editor who doesn't know whether to applaud, smile, look the other way or run. He smiles & Ramon lunges with a shriek. The audience gawp as the monkey-man attempts to snatch Dave's T-shirt (the one he bought, not the one he wore) but eventually gives up the tug-o-war & scuttles away to interfere with some other unfortunate soul. A lady wearing a nightie parades the ring spraying aerosols, a post-apocalypse motor-bike roars past manned by leather clad crazies. A fire breather exhales a sheet of flame onto a stationary car which explodes spectacularly. The hectic pace relaxes as the pretty fish-clown arrives & plays pranks with fish both fake & real. Her obsession with marine life is a running theme popping up as appropriate comic relief. A muscular dog-man bounds across the ring to jump through a hoop of fire. A taxi cab drives on & the driver steps out, leaving the vehicle circling the ring, the panicked passengers squealing in the back. A vagabond is pursued by a chainsaw wielding maniac & promptly captured by henchmen & decapitated over a barrel. The crazy holds his bleeding trophy for all to see before giving it a sensuous kiss. A near naked couple perform semi-erotic acrobatics at ground level. The fish clown drives on in her ideal world, a Mini whose bodywork is composed entirely of sea-shells & interior is filled with water! Sirens wail, torch bearers march like the cast of METROPOLIS, T.V. screens explode, a madman in a straitjacket is caged & hoisted to the roof by a monstrous crane, cars are wrecked & detonated, a cyclist poseur in silk blouse shows off on a high wire, his balancing pole spitting fire & sparks, Ramon performs on the ropes. And all this is taking place simultaneously. In fact, there is so much going on in the finale that you just don't know where to look. The show leaves you with a buzz in your belly & a tingling urge to run away with the circus & be part of this troupe of lunatic libertines.

The typical erroneous criticisms coming from the press & no-name M.P.'s seeking kudos through media hype can only be expected for something as sensational & original as Archaos. Chaos it certainly is, but choreographed chaos designed to spike your senses & offer you the delights of frenzy, fire & flesh.

DAVE SLATER

REVIEWS!

DIRTY LOVE

Italy 1988

CAST: Valentine Demy, Laura Genser (uncredited), Cully Holland, Reggie Crump

DIRECTOR: Joe D'Amato



Terry (Valentine Demy) is leaving her boyfriend to go to a dance school. After some soft masturbation in a car, he asks her to "swear you'll never betray me". "Sure", she replies.

Arriving at Richmond, where the school is, she goes to her hotel & gives us a sample of her dancing ability. Cosh, Terry has a nice ass, but dances like a paraplegic. At the school, Terry meets her teacher, a fat, ugly lesbian barrel who sets her porcine eyes on Terry's nice body & makes a few ambiguous offers. Later, Terry is almost raped in a dark alley by two thugs, but is rescued by a man who says that he's an architect. "I thought all architects were homosexuals", she says, as he glues his eyes to her underwear. Back at school (Christ! It jumps about enough...D.F), Terry does her "brick dance" (huh?...D.F) again; she's simply hilarious. Remember the hippopotamus in FANTASIA? They're like dragonflies compared to Valentine.

By now, half an hour's passed, & this movie looks like a fucking Italian version of FLASHDANCE. C'mon Astride, give us some sex!

Finally, Terry breaks her promise, indulging in some elevator sex with the architect. Unfortunately, this is followed by another dance session, an extra-long, ultra-boring male striptease show where Terry erroneously hooks a gay, & an over-used scene with her being masturbated by the architect in a fancy restaurant in front of his friends.

Laura Genser gets into the action, playing (as usual) a lesbian who seduces Terry. Then Terry dances again, & again...AAARRGGHH...& AGAIN! The end. This is probably the worst, most boring "movie" Massacre has ever made (quite an achievement...D.F). The sex scenes are very short & very soft, & separating them is practically nothing except stupid dialogue or long dance sessions. Valentine Demy, who has appeared in hard core magazines & does sex shows using the name "Valentina" (trying to pass as a porn version of Crepax's Valentina comicbook heroine, recently adapted as a series of telefilms) isn't as good looking as other regular D'Amato actresses like Genser or Lilli Carati, with a rabbit face (no, I won't ask...D.F) & minimal acting ability. 'Nuff said.

MAX DELLA MORA

GATOR BAIT (aka SWAMP BAIT)

USA 1976 85 mins

CAST: Claudia Jennings, Sam Gilman, Doug Dirksen, Clyde Ventura, Bill Thurman, Don Baldwin, Ben Sebastian, Janit Baldwin, & Tracy Sebastian as "Big T"

STORY/SCREENPLAY: Beverly Sebastian

PRODUCERS/DIRECTORS: Ferd & Beverly Sebastian

If you like long motorboat chases through everglade swamps, half-witted characters with names like Zeke & Billy-Boy, then the Sebastians have come up with the movie for you!

The sheriff & his men go searching the swamplands for crocodile poacher extraordinaire Desiree who has been wrongly accused of murder. Because Desiree is a swamp native, the sheriff's men don't stand much of a chance & most of them get killed in a number of swamp-effective ways. Irrespective of former Playboy Playmate Claudia Jennings' ample charms as the Cajun throwback, CATOR BAIT's 85 minutes running time is one hell of a long stretch for such a tried & formulated idea. Like DELIVERANCE never happened.

DAVID KERESKES

COUNT DE SADE (aka LES ORCIES DU COMPTE PORN0)

For those of you in search of that extra fix of atrocity with your X-rated entertainment, here's an unredeemably squalid offering..sixty minutes of sub-human behaviour thinly disguised as entertainment, presenting non-stop torture & brutality for the delectation of the seriously deranged.

To strike a bizarre contradiction, this catalogue of atrocities has a plot - or, rather, makes a half-hearted attempt to fashion one, which is rather unusual for this sort of marginal interest SSM cheap thrillers. A number of women are kept chained in a dungeon, where they are systematically raped, tortured & generally abused by a bunch of slimeballs. The activities are controlled by (what I presume to be) the title character - a leather-masked 'libertine' who watches the proceedings on a TV monitor, bellowing out instructions & garbled philosophies, whilst receiving a blow job from an accomodating manservant. In the dungeon, the women are gang-raped, violated with knives & bottles, severely beaten, & generally given a hard time. The film ends with a particularly stoned looking woman - formally one of the abusers - having a bottle inserted into her vagina, & then being stamped on until it breaks inside her. Her body is left alone in the dungeon, as The Count laughs manically, presumably overwhelmed with pleasure.

There is, however, scant pleasure to be had from COUNT DE SADE. Sure, it's pretty depraved stuff, but that in itself is no recommendation. The film exists for the benefit of pain-freaks, & offers little to anyone else. The cast act with enthusiasm, but are pitifully hideous. The sight of a bunch of grinning slobes staring into the camera is enough to put anyone off experiencing with SSM. As for the violence - morally concerned readers will be relieved to know that certain scenes of blood-letting were more to do with 'special' effects than genuine torture...though of course, they're no less offensive for that.

Lacking the plot structure of BLOODSUCKING FREAKS or the theatrics of LA DUCYDE LES SEXANDROIDE (two other films consisting primarily of misogynistic violence), COUNT DE SADE is, in turn, dull & revolting, with only minimal shock impact to hold your attention. Good title though...

DAVID FLINT



SHOCKING ASIA 2

West Germany/Hong Kong 1974

SCREENPLAY/DIRECTOR: Emerson Fox

This offering is rather tame compared to the usual extremities of the mondo drama-documentaries, so don't expect too much.

It opens with nice travelogue footage of temples & dancing Chinese dragons & spectacular funeral pyres. A glimpse of topless bathers on the beach. A sanctuary for holy monkeys that peek up ladies skirts. A funeral procession with public cremation. Religious lunatics cavort & perform an outdoor kiddies pantomime that develops into violent play-acting with swords. Some performers fall into trances & breakdance in the dust. Temples with bat shit roofs. Slum City complete with smiling gutter urchins, pavement beggars & other tourist attractions. Sex clubs. Prostitution. Tit swinging dancers. Desperate slum dweller aims for the big time by exposing/selling her body to club dwelling clients. Bangkok brothels. Faith healers. Exposer shows how it's done.

Travelogue coach trip. Mummified corpses squat in cave. A city centre funeral home. Dwarfism, the singing & dancing variety. Peral children. Ultimate freak show candidate. Rural brothels. Floating brothels (again?). Sci-Fi sex art. Live sex shows. Vaginal razorblade retraction. Auto-bondage. How to get cervical cancer (from cigarettes!). Hole-in-the-wall sex. Fuck puppets. Old man goes back to the nursery. Religiomania. Flagellation. Leprosy & its metamorphic effects. Buddhist initiation via projectile vomiting. Ox fighting. Cock fighting. Thai boxing. Stick fighting. Fire walking. Kite flying. Travelogue round up. The end.
The only memorable sequence is the unfortunate chap with the extra vestigial face growing on the side of his head. Truly grotesque.

DAVE SLATER

TITANK TITS/14



FOR YOUR BREASTS' ONLY

USA 57 mins

CAST: Ann Marie & unnamed others

SCREENPLAY: Ann Marie, Michael Dawson

PRODUCERS: Tom Bachrich, Michael Dawson, Daniel Phillips

DIRECTOR: Michael R. Dawson

Ghastly beyond belief...former Russ Meyer starlet Ann Marie is 'The Ultra Bosom' in this astonishingly poor 'comedy' about two bungling Russian agents attempting to kidnap well stacked American women to help the Soviet economy catch up with their Western rivals. This idiotic tale plods on & on endlessly, through a series of painfully unfunny situations, with barely a glimpse of what the viewer has presumably paid his money to see, i.e. gargantuan boobs

devoid of clothing. When the nudity finally does occur, it's filmed in a style that's reminiscent of early 60's nudist films, with bizarre angled close-ups of unnaturally posed sun worshippers filling the screen. It's hard to fathom out just why this film was shot. Ardent onanists are unlikely to gain any satisfaction from it, & everybody else will be utterly appalled by the total lack of talent involved in all aspects of its production. Direction seems to consist of pointing the camera & hoping, & the acting is abominable. Ann Marie might have gained a minor cult following through the RM connection, but without the master's guidance, she's little more than a pair of abnormally large breasts attached to an ageing body; her acting ability is non-existent.

To add insult to injury, the film even has a 'song', performed by Marie, & seemingly titled 'It's All Very Tittillating'...which it certainly isn't. **FOR YOUR BREASTS ONLY** proves (if proof were needed) that soft core video can surpass any level of inanity & tedium plumbed by the hard core field. It's one of the worst films that I've ever seen. Avoid with caution.

DAVID FLINT

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Touched by the Hand of God

(To open our occasional series of articles discussing the wild, wild world of religious mania on screen & in print, we have a review of one of the prototypes for a much loved sub-genre....)

LA RELIGIEUSE, BY DENNIS DIDEROT

"The passion for doing harm & tormenting other people wears itself out in the world, but not in the cloister." pg. 53

NUN EXPLOITATION STARTS HERE!

This classic French novel, first published in 1796 but written in 1770, must surely qualify as one of the earliest examples of nun exploitation (perhaps THE earliest?).

Based on the real life story of Suzanne Delamare (whose name is also given sometimes as Suzanne Saulier), the text was conceived as an elaborate practical joke on the Marquis de Croissemare by his friend (?) Diderot. The kind hearted Croissemare had, on hearing of Suzanne's attempt in 1759 to cancel her vows, paid her legal fees. Her lawyers failed in the attempt, however, & nothing more would have been heard of the unfortunate woman had not Diderot & a few of his equally cold hearted literary buddies decided to milk the situation for all the laughs it was worth.

They conceived a series of letters from Suzanne to the Marquis asking for a place in his employ after her fictitious escape from the convent. The Marquis received the letters for 3 years before Diderot tired of the joke & had Suzanne "killed off". It was not until 8 years later that the Marquis was told the truth of the matter, & apparently he took it in good spirit & considered the affair a great joke.

Given the cynical nature of the background leading to the text, it is not surprising to find within the pages of LA RELIGIEUSE nun exploitation of the first order. Bizarre rituals & fetishes abound, there is plenty of self-immolation & lesbianism is commonplace.

Suzanne's severe tortures at her first convent - Longchamps - include having glass broken on the passage floor, which she is then forced to walk barefoot across; rape; starvation; & one I consider to be rather inventive, being walked upon by the entire congregation!

In her second convent, Arpajon, Suzanne becomes the object of the lesbian obsession of the Mother superior, but her complete innocence of the very existence of lesbian love saves her from any conscious participation in sex. The Superior's guilt & repression cause her to go completely insane. Said Superior confesses what she has perpetrated to a Benedictine monk who plans Suzanne's escape & predictably tries to rape her. Suzanne survives all this, along with a stint in a brothel, & remains suitably chaste by the time of her death, with which the narrative ends.

All in all, the book is a very interesting study of isolation leading to madness & is often bitingly funny, especially in its scathing portrayal of the church's hypocrisy (an anti-clericalism, in fact, the like of which is only to be found in the work of De Sade or Bunnell). Plot elements in this seminal work resound in the (later) work of De Sade & its fictional record of convent life bears striking similarities to the actual atrocities documented in Aldous Huxley's THE DEVILS OF LOUDON. Unfortunately, I haven't seen Jacques Rivette's film of Diderot's book (made in 1966), although Ken Russell's magnificent version of the Huxley book (THE DEVILS, GB 1971) is a substitute well in keeping with the spirit of LA RELIGIEUSE.

Trivia lovers (& nun exploitation fanatics) will be pleased to know that another Diderot book, JACQUES LES FATALISTE, formed the basis for the film LES DAMES DU BOIS DE MOULOGNE by Robert Bresson, who's LES ANGES DU PECHÉ is an undisputed masterwork in the nun exploitation genre.

This English translation by Francis Birrel was published in London in 1928 by George Routledge & Sons, & the passage where Suzanne overhears the Mother Superior's confession to the Benedictine monk is clearly censored. The French original carries a much lengthier description of what lesbian sex is really all about.



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FOR EDDIE?

report by howard 'sexigesimal' lake

And about time too! Britain's first & possibly last Ed Wood fest took place on May 26, at The Scala in London - just the thing for all we far-gone trash addicts anxious to pay homage to the great man Himself, whom, alas, was unable to make it in person, but who sent his appointed representative on Earth, Stephen C. Apostolof aka A.C. Stephens over from Tinseltown to address the shabby masses (well, 350 of them - not bad for a sunny bank hole Saturday).

Yeah, yeah, of course we've all seen the classics: **PLAN 9**, **GLEN OR GLENDA**, **BRIK OF THE MONSTER**, but unless you're Cathal Tohill or have access to hitherto unexplored regions of Celluloid-dom, then you haven't seen **ORGY OF THE DEAD**, the 1965 jiggle 'n' bounce extravaganza scripted by Wood & directed by Stephens. I hadn't & that was why I was there. So, I suspect, were most of us. The thing about mags like **SKEER FILTH** is that they raise fans saliva count to higher levels than can be satisfied - so you gotta see these flix whenever you get the chance. Dig?

Moaning over & on with the day. Yep, ed's still as cool a dude as ever, somehow making ace smackhead Bela Lugosi look even more demented than ever, poor dweeb. **GLEN OR GLENDA?** had me wetting 'em as always & **BRIK OF THE MONSTER** still induces rubber monster frenzy. But it was **ORGY OF THE DEAD** that really hit the mark after waiting so long to see the damn thing. Yep, **FILTH**'s review in 5 was on the button: I was convinced I was tripping...SERIOUSLY. A five tab trip with tits & Griswell going ultimo-apefacees-bonkers as the Master of the Dead, accompanied by Fawn Silver as the Princess of Darkness (Now we know where Elvira got her image!). Truly, a blast of go-go mania not to be missed & soon to be available on tape from Mondo Movies along with **THE WILD, WILD WORLD OF JAYNE MANSFIELD** (hubba hubba!) plus other treats.



Then there was Apostolof, everything you'd ever imagined a low-budget exploitation freak to be. Dapper in a natty 'Our Man In Havana' number, he treated us to a reel of his trailers, further stimulating our junk glands with excerpts from **CLASS REUNION**, **MOTEL CONFIDENTIAL**, **THE DROPOUT WIFE**, **FUGITIVE GIRLS**, **SNOW KUNNIES**, **THE HOSTESSES** & **BEACH KUNNIES** (upside down & back to front, but we got the picture). Virtually all of which were collaborations between Apostolof & Eddie Boy. Having got us well juiced-up with that, the Bulgarian genius proceeded to parlay awhile with tales of Wood & his now-legendary penchant for angora sweaters & heels - like his first meeting with Ed at the Brown Derby, Wood turning up in full drag plus beard, much to the disgust of the waiter in attendance. Woodaphiles would delight to hear of his craving for bourbon (funny that...) & his skill at finding a drink anywhere. All in all, damn good stuff, though the hardcore such as I were a tad miffed at no one having yet unearthed any of Ed's notorious porno loops (unless you know different...), but then the collection of posters in the lobby (lemme nick 'em! Lemme!) was some compensation.

So, a branah time was had by all. Even Apostolof quoting Schopenhauer at turgid length & spelling my girlfriend's name wrong on the programme couldn't diminish it. Psychotronic Video & Forbidden Planet were the funsters behind it all & should be thus praised. During a smatched conflag during **ERIOE...**, Bal of Psychotronic let slip that, with a bit of luck, Herschell the Boss should be back soon in the gory flesh & perhaps even The Pope Of Trash in poison will be headin' thisa ways with a trash compactorful of goodies. YUM! Me? I'm pinning my hopes on the Doria Wishman Day coming along...**NUDE ON THE MOON**, **BAD GIRLS GO TO HELL**, hubba hubba HUBBA!!!

GOOD MUSIC FROM THE TEAM TEAM

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IT WAS BABYFOOD'S 1ST GIG...





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UUUUNH!

incorrect application of pharmacueticon's may result in "such"



My Hands

These are my hands. They are long hands, large hands; they are the hands of a philosopher, a psychic, a psychotic. Above all these hands are complex. I can change my hands by changing myself, my aims, my lifestyle and my attitude. I know I can change because it's happening now.

I've only noticed the psychotic markings recently. They began gradually and are now growing stronger and deeper. I don't even find it frightening. It is comforting to know. It gives me an unfair advantage over the rest of humanity.

I was told several years ago that I would die young and die painfully. It was a mistake to tell me this because I then decided to let it happen; I didn't really care and there was nobody around to do the caring for me.

I was well on my way to self-destruction when I found religion. I found peace, beauty, security and the comfort of not having to think for myself; not having to make my own choices.

This didn't last for too long. I'm not an ascetic, neither am I a martyr or a saint. I was trying to find excuses and a way out at the time, but all that sincerity, all that devotion just nauseated me. It made me angry and bitter. I left the church and the church left me. It left me fighting.

I fought for a long time against everything: education; work; creativity, even being alive. But when the fighting stopped I had nothing else.

I can still see that time in my hands now - an enormous island on my life line. It was a disruption but also a development. In that time I learned to be selfish and I learnt to be afraid.

I'm still afraid now, as many others must be. It's not being afraid of what I do, but rather of who I am.

I have a marking on my hands, it appeared when I stopped fighting and started thinking. It's trying to tell me that I'm too intense, too insular. I know this, but what can I do? I could try to meet more people but my hands won't let me. Once I have established contacts I am eager to lose them to ease the strain of responsibilities.

I suppose I could follow the path of creativity, but my lines show that I am too much of a dreamer ever to do anything but imagine success.

I could try to work hard in a 'proper' job and make some money in order to sooth my psyche, but my hands know as well as I do that this won't work. I'm much too self-obsessed to accept external disciplines, and the common ideal of helping others in order to help yourself is also a distortion of the truth. Human suffering creates a dualism on my part: part anger and part apathy.

It seems that my hands know a lot about me. They tell me of my paranoia, of my aggression and of my hang-ups. They tell me I interpret rather than create. They say I have too much ambition but not enough drive. They show early senility and major instability.

I can be malicious while remaining loving and gentle. I am obsessive. I am passionate and I am stubborn. Worse of all I don't even know what I want out of life so how can I possibly ever feel fulfilled?

Strangely enough, I am quite happy with the confusion, with the changes and the inconsistency of my character. I love to explore the contours of my hand and my mind. I challenge them to change right in front of my eyes. I don't understand it all, I'm not even sure if I believe it all. Do I change because my hands change or vice versa? What makes one line appear and another fade? I'm talking about both what I see and what I know.

Perhaps I'm just not giving myself a chance? Perhaps the future isn't all pre-determined and mapped out for me? Perhaps my prospects aren't quite so dim and dreary?

Like most people I am a victim of my own curiosity. The obsession with myself leads to an unquenchable thirst for knowledge of myself.

I have heard people - considered by others to be touched by genius - claim that they have no more mental capacity than the next person. They stress that hard work and concentrating the mind are what makes them successful. I have also heard others with no more than a modicum of talent within their field describe themselves as innovators, liberators and prophets. It is really all a question of attitude. There are only two choices: either to remain as you are or attempt to change. But to change, a conscious decision has to be made.

This appears to be the trouble. I am trapped by what I think I know about me; all the fears and the paranoia. I am even frightened to change into something better in case I fail and become something worse. Sometimes though, I get an inkling that all of this is in my head. And then I know what I have to do. When I look at my hands all I see is the bad and twisted in them. I cannot see the good in myself. Sometimes it is better not to know about yourself. It is better to fear the unforeseen problems than to create new ones. I try not to look at my hands too deeply now. I try not to see the looming psychosis. I try not to see the lines that sound like voices in my head. The lines run so deeply in my hands now, I have to shut them up.

JOHN MELLERS

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE CUM-SHOT



Perhaps the most distressing trend in contemporary American pornographic films involves the (gradual) loss of the cum-shot. In an effort to be more 'realistic', in a desperate urge to satisfy the couple-orientated video market, an essential dimension of the X-rated experience goes missing.

Cum-shots are the imprimatur of pornography, a diagnostic souvenir of release. Unlike the female orgasm, the image of ejaculating semen cannot be faked - a salty mark of authenticity in a genre of suspicious viewers. Yet, at the same time, the fact that the male has to withdraw and discharge his almy summations all over the woman's backside creates a rather dubious depiction. The screenic offering of fresh semen delivers two contradictory messages simultaneously - confirming a staged authenticity, inserting implausibility into an undeniable activity. This orgasmic pulling out becomes a technique that only really exists in movies. The cum-shot speaks a hidden level of metacommunication: indicating a filmic reality precisely by this anquished unfakability. Through the transgression of the pattern of normal copulation, this image deposits a kernel of mystical possibility in an otherwise tiresome genre. As the cum-shot nears extinction, surely one can be permitted a little nostalgia for this paradoxical invention.

John Graywood

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